The Bystander, May 1, 1918.—No. 752. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER

THE KAISER: "I *will* save the poor fellow!"

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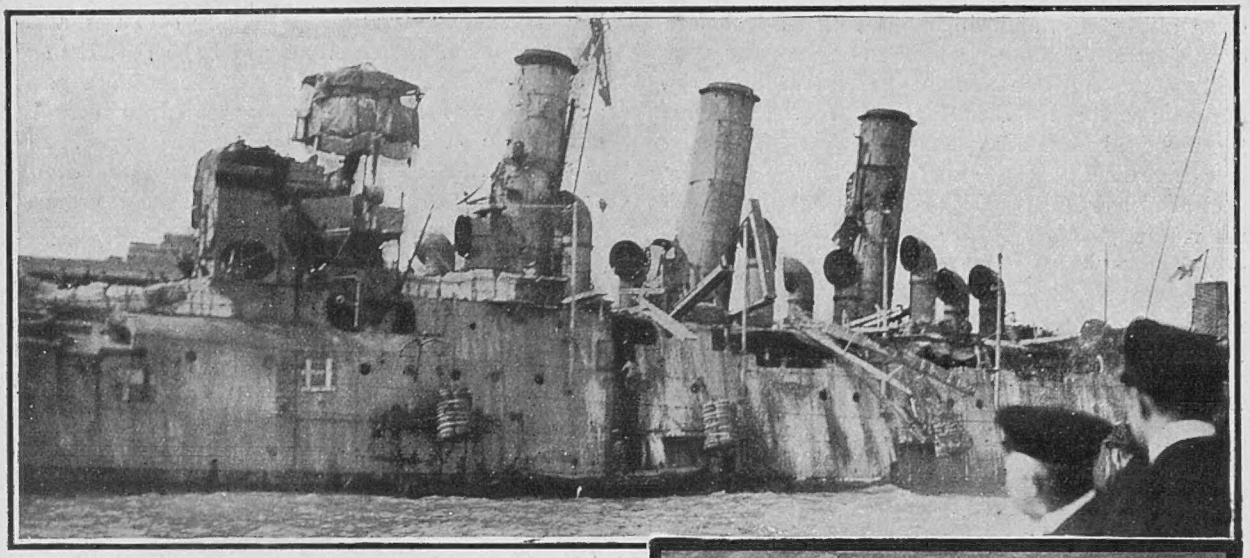


We have heard the story of the men. In the picture let "Vindictive" tell her own story

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Glory—to the Death

THAT amazing Naval raid has not only added a new glory to heroism, but in a hundred wonderful ways it brings a dominant victory nearer. The little force of dauntless men who landed on the Mole to hack and stab and die has warned Prussia that all the guns she ever forged will never save her from ultimate doom. However great may be the havoc they and their comrades have wrought there—the fact that they *did get there* must paralyse German hope. Was there ever such a miracle in a cauldron of death? To them it is the warning of destiny; to us an inspiration too wonderful even for worship. Just think—had it been Dover—what would the enemy have felt? And what would our horror and amazement have been? And nothing less than that will be Germany's bitter portion.

The Wonderful Mole

THE men who chafed behind the long-distance guns have at last had their chance. Nothing is more deadening to *moral* than blows at a distance. The cutlass-thrust and the mad blood riot on the Mole have filled the Fleet with the old fine frenzy of their fighting fathers. The splendid spirit of the shadowy dead is again incarnate. We wanted "devil," and we have had it, and the enemy have had it, and don't like it, and will have more of it. The Mole will be the new note, an unconquerable note, both for commanders and men. The Mole will thrill all our nations in arms and our workers at home. We must live up to that Mole, fight up to that Mole, and die as the men of the Mole when the need comes. No more hanging about, but get right in on them! And never forget that Mole. How can we?

A PAINFUL OPERATION

Fancy sketch of Von Tirpitz after having the mole extracted from his Zeebrugge front

What the Germans Say About It

ONE of the surest indications of the success of the expedition comes, as usual, from what is *not* said in the German wireless accounts of the fight. The first, naturally, dilated on the undoubted fact that five British cruisers had been sunk, conveniently omitting to mention *where* they were sunk, or that they had been sunk by us and not by German gun-fire. The second, more boldly, stated that "the conduct of sea-warfare from the Flanders front has in no wise been interfered with." If having only one port instead of two (and that one with its fairway impeded) from which to send out destroyers and submarines into the Channel does not "interfere with" the German naval activities, then German naval ingenuity must approximate much more closely to our own than it has ever shown any signs of doing.

Quick Curtains

IN these times of supreme happenings, no one holds the stage for long. The poor politicians only

(Continued on page 184)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

get a corner of it and are bundled off easily before even they have posed themselves. Sometimes they insist on shouting out their lines to us from the wings, but few pay the slightest attention. The new scheme for a Second Chamber (which, for all I know, may be extraordinarily sound) suggests merely an irritating irrelevance. Can people concern themselves over the voting privileges of peers while they are anxious—ever so anxious—about a lad in the fighting line? I suppose that these irruptions upon the things that really count are a matter of habit and inevitable, but are they really worth their space in the newspapers?

"Valiant and Worthy"

IT is a pity there are not more Germans like Cavalry Captain Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the greatest of enemy airmen since Immelmann and Boelcke fell. The Rider of the Red Triplane will ride no more: his "circus" must conduct its "dog-fights" without the incentive of his leadership. He had done enough harm—Heavens know!—to our men; eighty times he had conquered the ill-fated comrades of the six British officers who bore his body to the grave behind our lines. But he recognised their pluck in tackling him; he had "never known an Englishman refuse a fight;" and they, in their turn, recognised him for a "valiant and worthy foeman," and, as such, paid their last tribute at his burial. There is still chivalry left in war.

Kemmel Hill

LAST week's fighting centred mainly on the ridge to the south-west of Ypres. And the Germans made good—at a cost—their hold on Kemmel Hill. This loss undeniably renders the holding of Ypres additionally difficult, and it may well be that the line will have to be straightened. But the enemy's gains are now very small in extent compared to those he secured in the early days of the push, and the Allies are making him pay even more dearly than then for every yard gained; and the determination to resist is being strengthened every day by the fact that French and British troops are now fighting side by side, and are thoroughly appreciative of each other's valour and tenacity. This is all to the good, since when armies are fighting separately the loss of ground by one of them inevitably creates a feeling in the other that "this ought not to have happened." When they are side by side, they see and understand.

Resignations: Rothermere—

TWICE last week the Prime Minister received resignations from his Government. First Lord Rothermere resigned the Air Ministry on account of ill-health and the loss of his two sons in the war. His work in the joining-up of the R.N.A.S. and the R.F.C. into one body was bound to be attended by many complaints from the possessors of vested interests—even the very newly vested interests connected with such a young arm as the Air Service—but the future will probably show that Lord Rothermere did his work well; and certainly in his short term of office he made it clear that he had no use for the purely ornamental. In this respect the advent of his successor, Sir William Weir, is not in the least likely to give greater cause for rejoicing in the Hotel Cecil and its precincts and overflows.

—and Rhondda

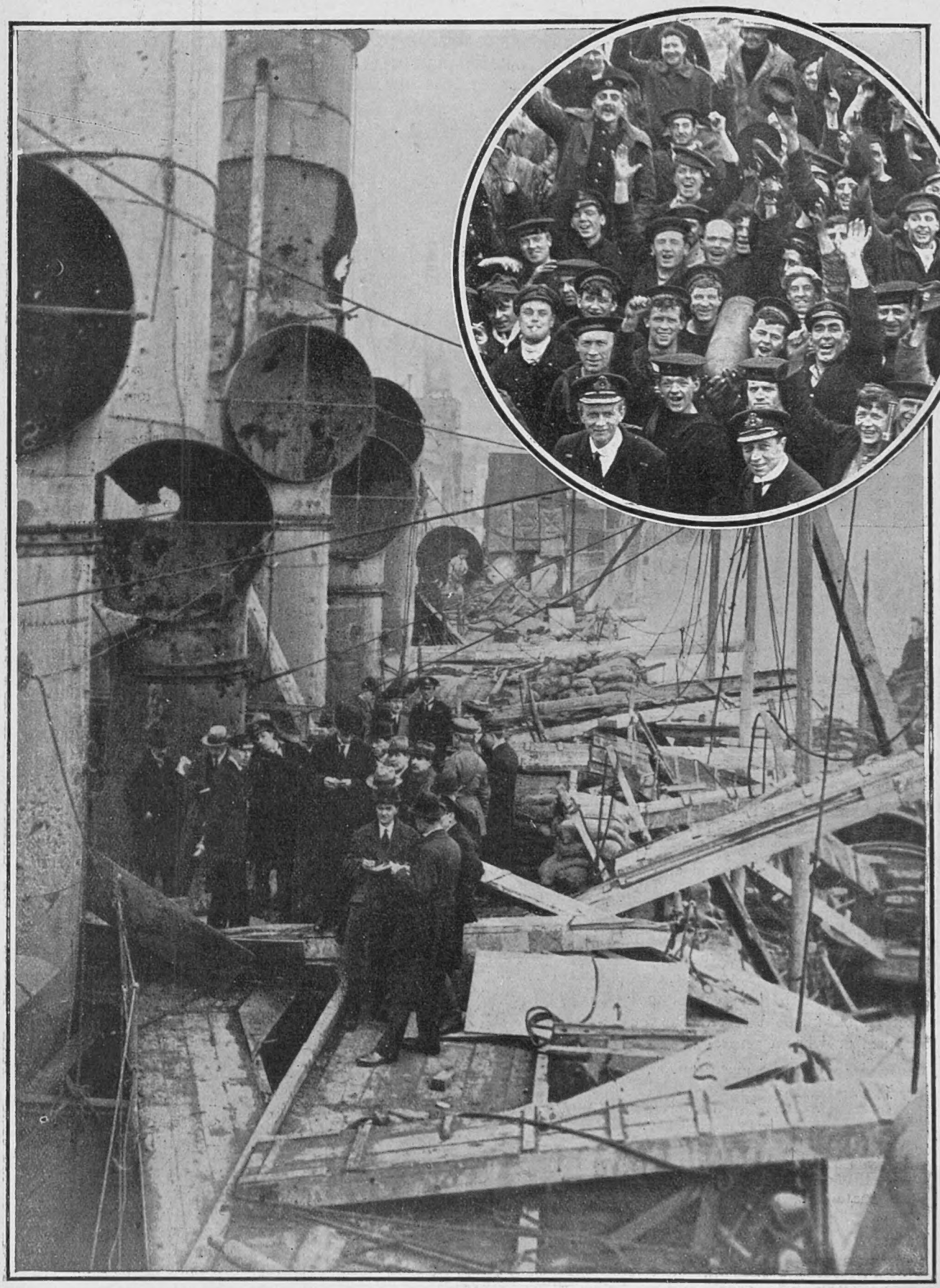
THE other resignation, that of Lord Rhondda from the Ministry of Food Control, was also due to ill-health; but there will be general satisfaction that this retirement will not take effect at present. For Lord Rhondda's work as Food Controller has had a curiously different effect from that which he had anticipated. When he took office he expected to be, in six months, the most unpopular man in England; but so admirably has he succeeded in a task in which pretty nearly anybody else must have failed dismally, that he has earned and received almost universal approval and gratitude. He has laid his foundations so well that, if need be, the builder of additional superstructures will have a comparatively simple task; and Mr. J. R. Clynes, a second-in-command whose work has been of enormous value to his chief, could in any case "carry on" with complete success.

A RIFT IN THE LOOT

As is not infrequently the case when thieves come to divide the proceeds of their robberies, a pretty little quarrel is now going on between Bulgaria and Turkey as to the recolouring of the map of the Balkans

"Vindictive's" Valour and Victory

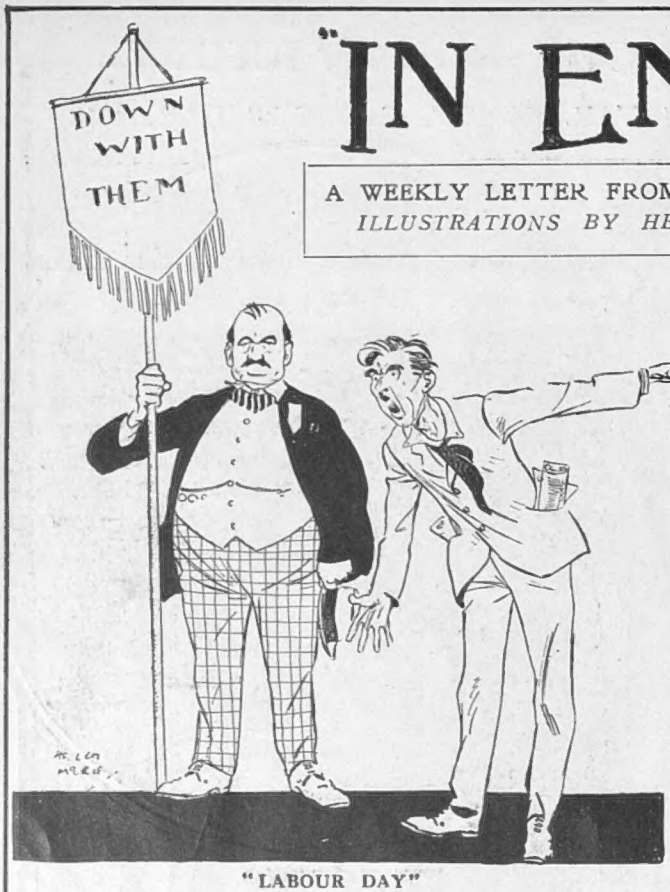
HOW SHE TWISTED THE DRAGON'S TAIL ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1918



"Stormed at with shot and shell," as she hugged the Zeebrugge Mole on the night of April 23rd, "Vindictive" came home to Dover the next day with hardly a square inch of her unbattered. But that she had done her work thoroughly is clear enough if only from the happy faces of her crew, cheering their leader, Captain Carpenter (on the left of the inset picture), on their return to Dover

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HELEN McKIE



"LABOUR DAY"
Banners, bands, and demonstrations
Used to mark the First of May—
"Red Flag" songs and fierce orations
Filled the air on "Labour Day."

LONDON, *April* 29, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

A RESPITE! We have been given time to breathe, the fighting men a space to sleep. Even the gods of war are sometimes merciful, it seems. Or can it be that there is still some Power which knows that there *are* limits to human endurance—limits even to what our soldiers can do when their backs are against the wall?

卐 卐

BUT by all the signs and all the warnings, when you read this we'll be once more in the thick of it—or, rather, the British Army will. We, after all, have only to watch and wait—and, at worst, that is easier than the very easiest task set for our men out there. Do you remember what a general wrote of that first fight for Calais nearly four years ago:

> Never was there such desperate fighting, never have troops behaved so magnificently. Large numbers will be given Victoria Crosses, but many more have earned them. Learn to appreciate such men at their true value.

卐 卐

THAT was of the wonderful old Regular Army, the finest soldiers in the world, even before the war. And as the same thing, and more, is to be said of our wonderful new army in the new battle for Calais—well, I hope *we're* appreciating them at their true value. England, with the Hun at Calais and Boulogne, his submarines infesting the Channel, and Dover (and still nearer) at the mercy of his guns, wouldn't be half the sweet, safe, cushy place she is, you know. Between us and the Hun hordes and the Hun dominion there is, as we ought never for a single moment to forget, only flesh and blood; but it's *such* flesh and blood that we shan't lose the war if *they* can win it.

Now the time for talk is finished,
War has silenced every band:
But with ardour undiminished
In the ranks the workers stand.

卐 卐

AND the sailors! No words possibly can tell enough of the fight on the Mole, which has put an end for the time, anyway, to *some* of the little games of the submarines aforesaid. *What* an epic story! It cheered up England enormously, and 'specially London, where, as I told you, we're really beginning to realise there's a war on, and the preponderance of petticoats is very marked, 'specially in those places like clubs and things that were once kept chastely free of 'em.

卐 卐

GIVES tremendously to think, by the way, this evolution of what used to be merely the feminine of man. Already one hears of a regiment of Anzac-ettes only waiting for the ghost of a chance to come along and fight; and they looked right plumb in their element, those land girls in London last week, every single one of whom is doing work *only* men did even *after* the war began.

卐 卐

THE eternal feminine's become the adaptable feminine. The hand that used to rock the cradle (only) now runs the world—or, anyway, does all those odd jobs which make the world worth living in—while the one-time worker pursues the unpaying and purely destructive profession of war.

卐 卐

UNLESS someone makes a new heaven *and* a new earth, the state of the labour market after the war will be—but it's no good *looking* for trouble, is it? Not, at any rate, in times like these, when there's always plenty about. Meantime, though, the most sinister sign of all is, perhaps, the cult of skirtlessness that is positively riddling the country.

卐 卐

ONCE upon a time—well, you know the *awful* things all the really nice women and parsons,

(Continued on page 188)

Princesses of the Royal House

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA

whose untiring efforts as President of the Red Cross Pearl Necklace Committee have had such a magnificent result

Photograph *Sport and General*

Photograph *Ernest Brooks*

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY

To whom all the King's subjects were wishing "Many happy returns of the day" last Thursday, on the occasion of her twenty-first birthday. In the picture on the left Princess Mary is seen presenting badges to the land-workers at Oxford

too, I believe, said once upon a time about such immodest and unwomanly creatures as showed even an ankle unskirted to the world? While men broad-mindedly acknowledged that as for them *they* didn't mind if we did wear trousers, but, as everyone knew, not one woman in a million had straight legs, so skirts were really shield and armour 'gainst that horrid spectacle.

The urgent knocking
Of her knees . . . .

卐 卐

WELL, the worst has happened—and turned out not so bad, after all! The war-woman doesn't wear short or any other skirts—and I've yet to meet one, straight-legged or otherwise, who doesn't look *ever* so much nicer in her high boots or leggings and coat or overall than any woman I ever saw in any skirt, long or short. And it's *rather* an amusing turn of Fortune's wheel, isn't it, that it's not on these "mannish" ones, but rather upon their still skirted young and strapping sisters that popular opinion now frowns?

卐 卐

THIRTY thousand women are wanted at once on the land, "if the harvest is not to rot," and lord only knows how many more in France and everywhere else. The marvel is that she still remains—and flourishes!—the unemployed young thing, whose first and last aim in life is to have, whatever happens, "a good time." But she does, and how she'll *hate*—conscription!

Aren't the women good enlisters?
See how well they "carry on"!
"Waacs" and "Wrens" and Red Cross Sisters,
Going where their boys are gone.

卐 卐

TALKING of work, I am accused of never having handed out one single word of sympathy for "that most miserable and put-upon of beings, the Staff-Captain of an Infantry Brigade." And one of that poor, down-trodden community sends me these—just to show how sympathy in *buckets* wouldn't be overdoing it.

MISERRIMUS

Of all the people whom this war
Has smitten with affliction sore,
Who forge (in rain and mud and gore)
The toils they are entrapped in;
Of all this much enduring host,
Whom circumstance has got on toast,
The person that I pity most
Is a Brigade Staff-Captain.

'Tis his, when all are up the pole,
To comb things out, to make things whole,
And, when this half-distracted soul
Has ceased his strife with gabies,
'Tis his to pen (whilst song and spree
Ameliorate the shades of eve)
Certificates that men are free
From vermin and from scabies.

The gumboot store, the bomb, the dump,
The leaking hut, the undrained sump,
Combine to give the man a hump
Stupendous in dimension.
While in the background they of "Div."
(Their motto: "Live and *don't* let live")
Preposterous suggestions give
With lordly condescension.

And when, as all men do, he dies,
Perhaps his family heave some sighs;
But "Q" uplifts its voice and cries
In accents harsh and croaking:
"According to the last report
He's fifty pairs of gumboots short.
His iron rations are too few.
Where are those petrol tins he drew?
His strength returns in knots are tied.
Transport deficits he did hide . . .
—And now the beggar's gone and died!
It's really too provoking!"

卐 卐

THE *Glos'ter Gazette*—which was the first paper ever published from the trenches—has arrived to cheer and please me. Two extracts are:—

The Man Who Stayed at Home.—Senior Wangler, 1914-1918.

and

Epitaph on a Profiteer.—He made his bit.

And I like the reference to our renowned "cheeriness" here at home as "the *couleur de rose* attitude of mind common in phlyarocratic England."

Those at home work on untiring,
Toiling grimly night and day,
For the guns are firing, firing—
Firing all this First of May.

卐 卐

BY the way, talking of the land, quite a new feature of the war, isn't it, the stories one hears since the last push for Calais began, from places where the German prisoners work of their insolence and bragging? They openly declare that they like working on the land, and working very hard and very well, "because very soon it will all be German." And the *very* considerate treatment meted out to English-born wives of Germans is having, one hears, the usual results—clemency is *always* mistaken for weakness by the nation that "will never be gentlemen."

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Mudlarking in Mespot

PASSED BY CENSOR

One hour's rain turns the fine dust of the plains bordering the Euphrates into what appears to be a mixture of paste, gum, and porridgy glue. By the time the afternoon sun has shone upon it, it is transformed into concrete; and the evening mists make it as slippery as ice. Such is "terra firma" in Mespot!

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE CHINESE PUSH

My Dear Bystander—

You would not call the average Chinese coolie in France a convert to *blutlust*; the clash of arms is not for him. You may drop bombs on him carefully and methodically and he will continue to preserve his attitude of strict neutrality towards the dropper. You may hurl the largest calibre shells in his immediate vicinity and it will be impossible to detect in his impassive features any strong yearning towards swift reprisal.

⁂ ⁂

But once show him rude behaviour and he will burst forthwith into a song of hate to the accompaniment of gesticulations so awful in their bellicosity as to freeze the very marrow in a white man's bones.

⁂ ⁂

It was Wong Wang of No. 4 Company who started all the row. He was most awfully rude to Bong Tong of No. 5 Company. The whole thing was most ungentlemanly.

⁂ ⁂

It occurred as No. 4 Company were proceeding on railway trucks to the venue of their daily labours, and in journeying lightly thither they happened to pass No. 5 Company, who were engaged in carrying out repairs to the line along which No. 4 Company were journeying.

Whether it was the restless spirit of some swashbuckling ancestor or a tough lily-root in a stomach not yet broken to the rude Flanders climate that impelled Wong Wang to behave as he did will never be made clear, but it is an incontrovertible fact that Wong, seated on the edge of the truck, with his legs dangling over the side, so far forgot himself as to kick Bong in the posterior as the train rumbled past, accompanying this motion with a salutation expressive of the most cordial good will and esteem.

⁂ ⁂

The effect of this pleasantry on Bong Tong was wonderful to see. Lifting up his voice to the heavens he called long and dismally upon his ancestors to witness this degrading thing that had been done to him. He then turned bright green in the face and was only revived by the immediate administration of about a pound of delicious old seaweed. To go on working was unthinkable and it was imperative that Lung Sung Soo, the camp chief, should hear all about it without delay.

⁂ ⁂

Lung Sung Soo was staggered at the news. Nothing, he was understood to declare, could wipe out the offence save the immediate extermination of No. 4 Company to the last man. He was quite positive about this. He went off at once to announce the extermination of No. 4 Company to the old man.

⁂ ⁂

And in the fullness of time the interpreter announced to the officer commanding the camp that the annihilation of No. 4 Company was scheduled to begin at 7 p.m. sharp, and could the men knock off early, please, as they wanted to make a few simple preparations. He added that any old knives, spare sandbags, tent-poles, or bits of boarding would be very welcome and would be duly returned when finished with.

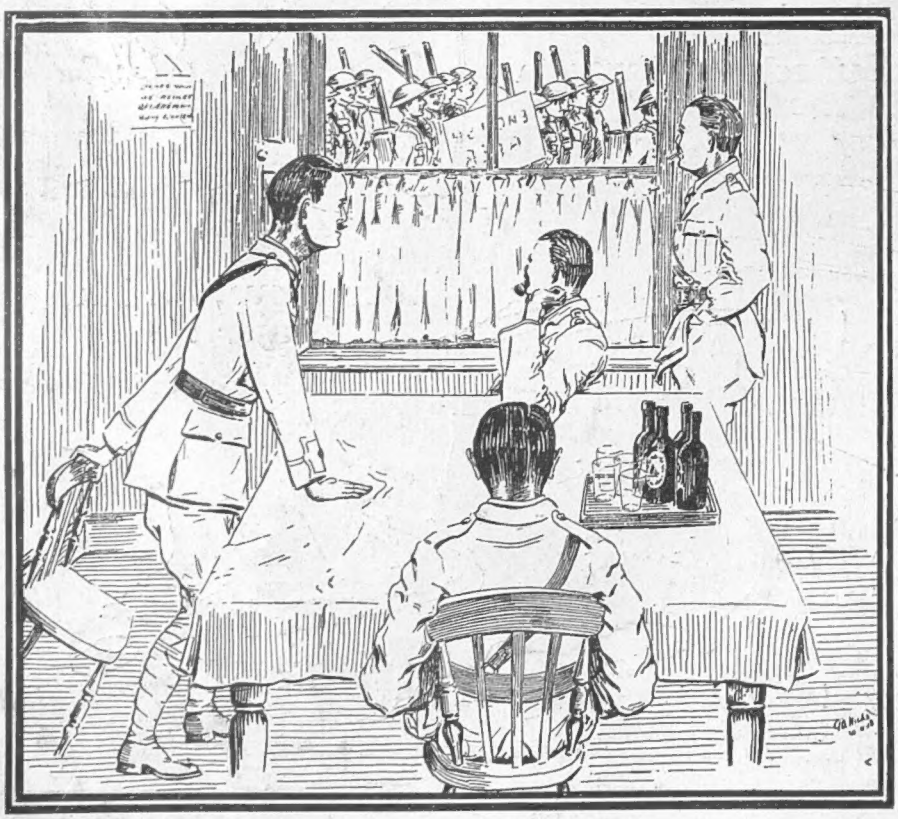
⁂ ⁂

But the Hun has a knack of interfering and the great push has had to be indefinitely postponed.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson.

Le Mot Juste



PASSED BY CENSOR

Ex. N.C.O. (*watching his old battalion go past*): "There's not a finer lot of men in the British Army—well trained, hard as nails, and full of estaminet!"

The Recruiting Problem Solved

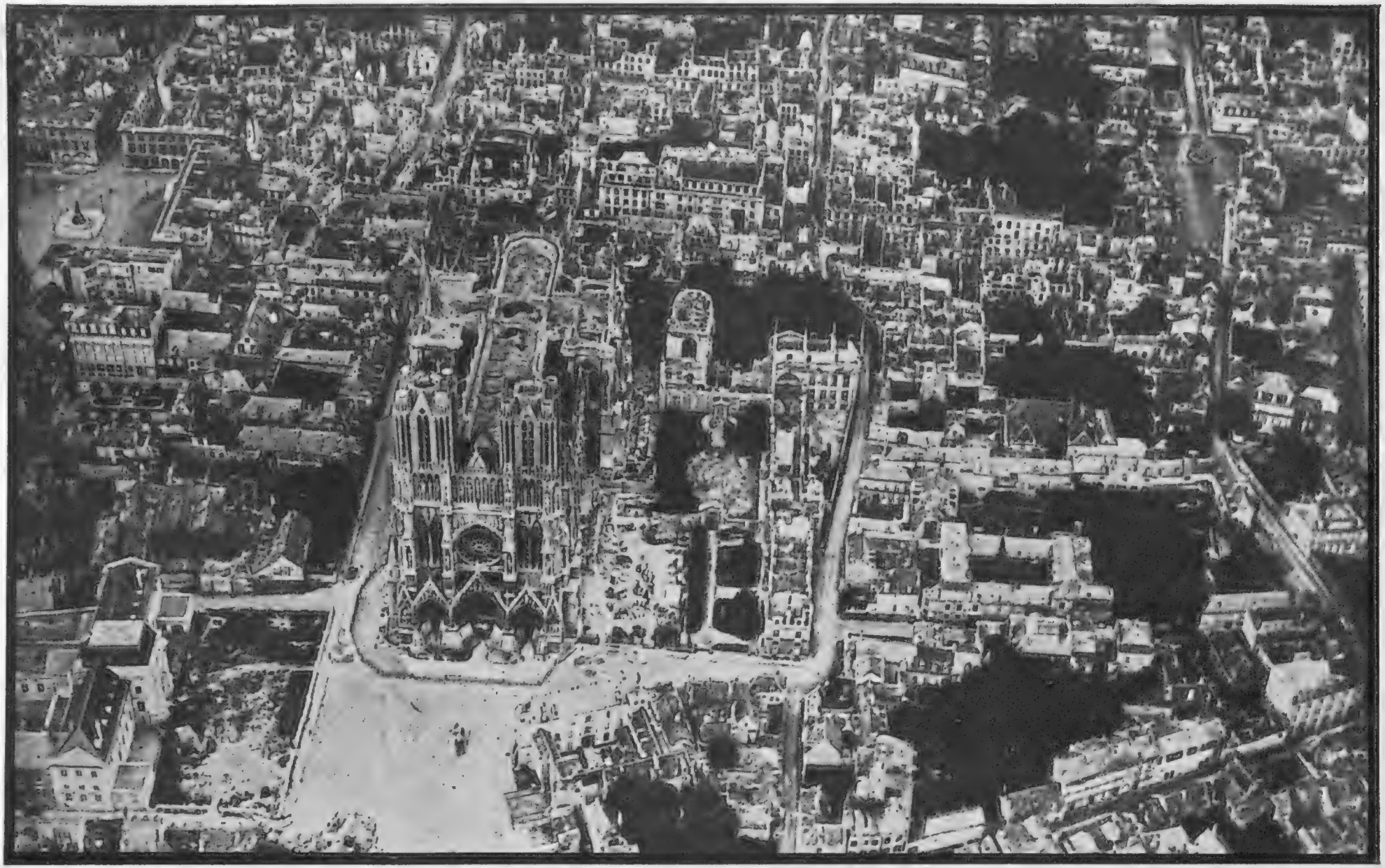
PASSED BY CENSOR

"It strikes me, Bert, that if they combed this mud out they might get a few more men"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Ruins of Rheims

FRANCE'S HISTORIC CITY A VICTIM TO HUNNISH SPITE



Over 100,000 shells burst in one week lately on the historic city of Rheims, whose cathedral was one of the world's wonders. Our photograph shows the ruin effected, and gives a sadly convincing impression of how one of the most beautiful places in the world is in course of transformation into an untenanted desert

The Bystander in PARIS

"KILL THE GREY RATS!"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

MES AMIS—

ONE studies to be tranquil. A little one may make jokes; but it is not easily that one continues so each day during many. Even the very brave make a little jump on the toes when there comes a loud *coup* and at once every one regards from the windows to see if it is tumbled in their street.

⁂

BUT we do not more laugh at the *Grosse* Bertha—that Frau von Krupp, who is the so dear friend of the Kaiser. For oneself one does not, perhaps, care, but for the little *bébés* and for the mothers, that is different. One hates for that.

⁂

FIGHT well, *mes amis*, oh, fight well! Kill them, kill them, these grey ones, with the great ears so low behind their heads! They are not of our race. They are like the caterpillars which eat the trees in the orchard. Be clever to kill them. It is not by being brave only that one kills, one must be cunning—to save one's life and to kill. Five, ten—twenty for each one of ours.

⁂

EACH morning one reads the *communiqué* while the coffee makes itself cold, and in the afternoon at the kiosks when the boys, who ride so cleverly their bicycles, arrive to throw their bundles of papers to the *marchand des journaux* every one at once runs to buy; and then in the café there is so much discussion. Every one is a strategist, and Edouard says that there are many who spend their time to write letters to General Foch to explain him what he must do.

⁂

THERE is of one thing that everyone is content—that between us there is not any more jealousy. They are one people, our armies, and the brigades of the Americans who go to arrive more and more. It is so we will conquer.

"Each morning one reads the communiqué"

THERE was one day when Lucile and I have put on our uniforms of the *Croix Rouge* and gone to help at a station where there were many of our wounded *poilus* who were *en passage* to the hospitals. We have given them coffee, and some eggs and milk, which the doctor ordered. But some were not but slightly wounded, and it was all the time of the *Britanniques* they talked and how they had fought.

"We have given them coffee"

⁂

"MY grandfather," one said to me, "how he has fatigued our ears with his stories of the Crimea and of the English cavalry at Balaclava, which he saw. But it was a nothing that—an affair of six hundred who were not very cleverly ordered. Myself I have seen the division 51—*les Ecossais*. No more will I listen to his chatter about the heroes when he was a young man. It is the old history that; and the wars of then were the pip of a fig to this."

⁂

WHEN our army so speaks of another, it is an alliance well solid, and it will be still, I think, when the grandchildren of the

(Continued on page 194)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

poilu complain that their ears are fatigued by the stories of the old one of how he was in the great war at the side of the Highlanders.

*

BUT when it continues all the days and all the nights so near, this battle, to which Austerlitz and Messina were the pip of a fig, it is not easily that one can occupy the thoughts. If one goes to a matinée to the theatre or to the cinema perhaps Bertha will begin her noise, and if one goes in the evening it may be the Gothas will arrive. At once when these begin everyone must go to his home and sit in the cellar.

*

I THINK there are many married ones who like quite well the Gothas because for that. Other times their husbands had so important affairs after the dinner, for which they were desolate, but they must leave their charming wives to return in the town. But now these *messieurs* stay at their homes and have not any more important affairs. They say it is because madame has made their cellar so comfortable with chairs and a lamp and a rug for the feet. But for me, I think it is less compromising to be bombed *chez vous*.

*

THERE was one night we dined with our aunt, Madame de Brécourt, who is returned from the country because she says she is not afraid of Bertha, since it was discovered that she is only a cannon of eight inches and not of nine and a half, as one had believed. And as we were still only the half of the way to our home they began to make the barrage and to sound the siren and to drop the bombs all together at the same time.

*

THE chauffeur at once stopped himself. "Hurry you, hurry!" we cried, but he instead descended from his seat. "*Mais, savez vous, mesdames,* I am not impressionable," he said. "One alone—the siren, the barrage, the bomb—I am not afraid; but all the three at once, no, that nerves me. *Voyons!* here is an *abri*, let us enter."

*

IT was so strange to knock at the door of strangers and to go down to their cellar. "*Entrez—par ici,*" someone called in the dark, and we descended the stair of stone. It was not very *convenable,* because everything had begun so at once, and there were many who were descended as they found themselves without that they had troubled to make a toilet.

"Voyons! here is an abri!"

"Lucile did not understand why I so much laughed"

*

WHEN we were home it was that Lucile came to my room. "Agnès," she said, "have you thought, *chérie,* how much it would look bad if we should be killed in a strange cellar?" The poor Lucile, she did not understand very well, why I so much laughed. But I have promised that when the Gothas let tumble their bombs I shall be so careful of my reputation.

*

Mes amis, it is so we amuse ourselves—to make a little fun of our danger. One has not fear of the Gothas, and one mocks of their *super-kanon.* But there is not a Parisienne who does not tremble thinking of you there where the battle is so fierce.

*

AND here we count, too, the little *bébés* dead. Oh, kill them, kill them, my Englishmen! Be cunning to kill them, these grey rats, who so devour our France!

Your friend,

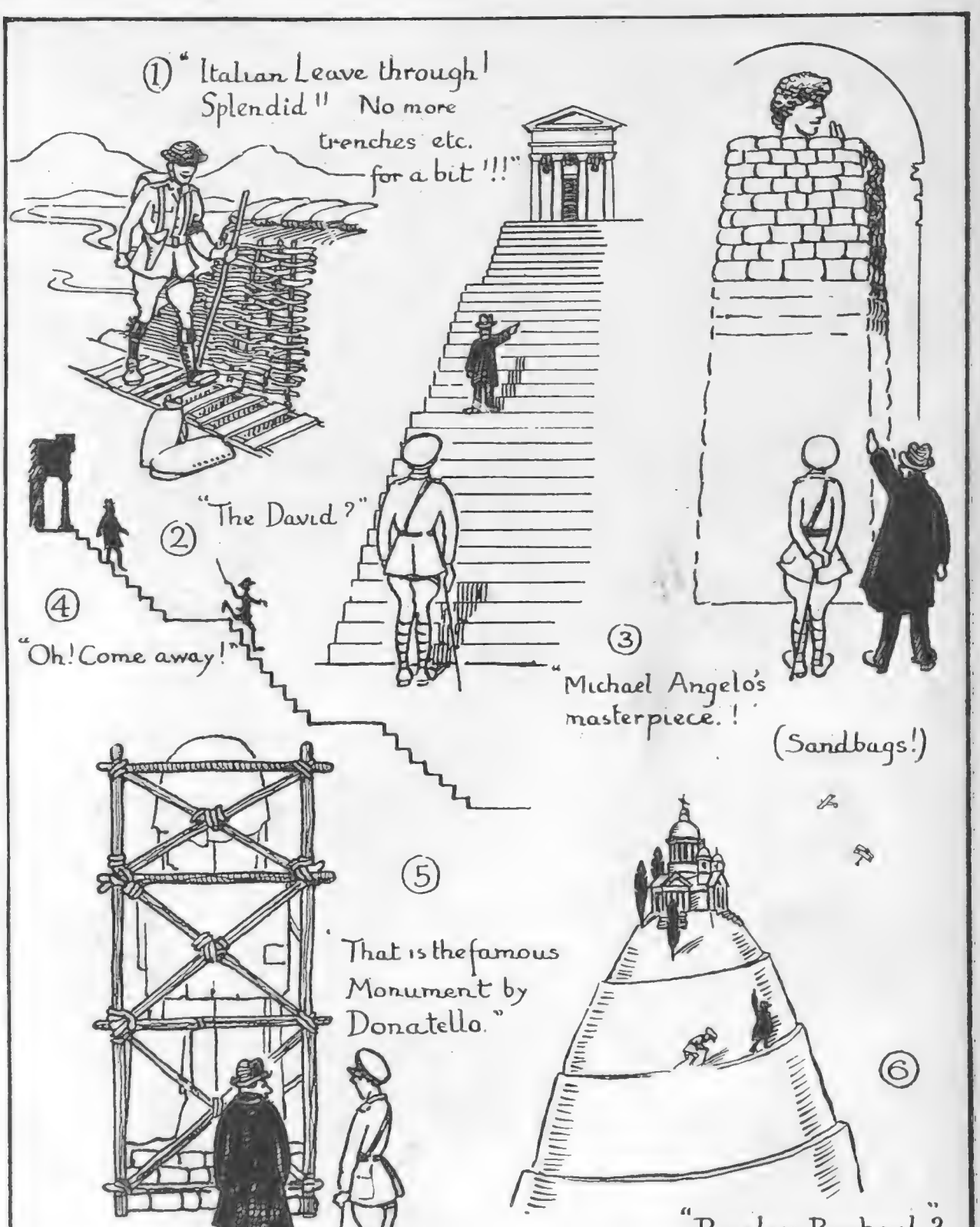
AGNÈS.

The Parrot

1914-15-16-17 and 18.—"WE HAVE NOW REACHED THE EXTREME CRISIS OF THE WAR"

19??—"WE HAVE NOW REACHED THE EXTREME CRISIS OF THE WAR"

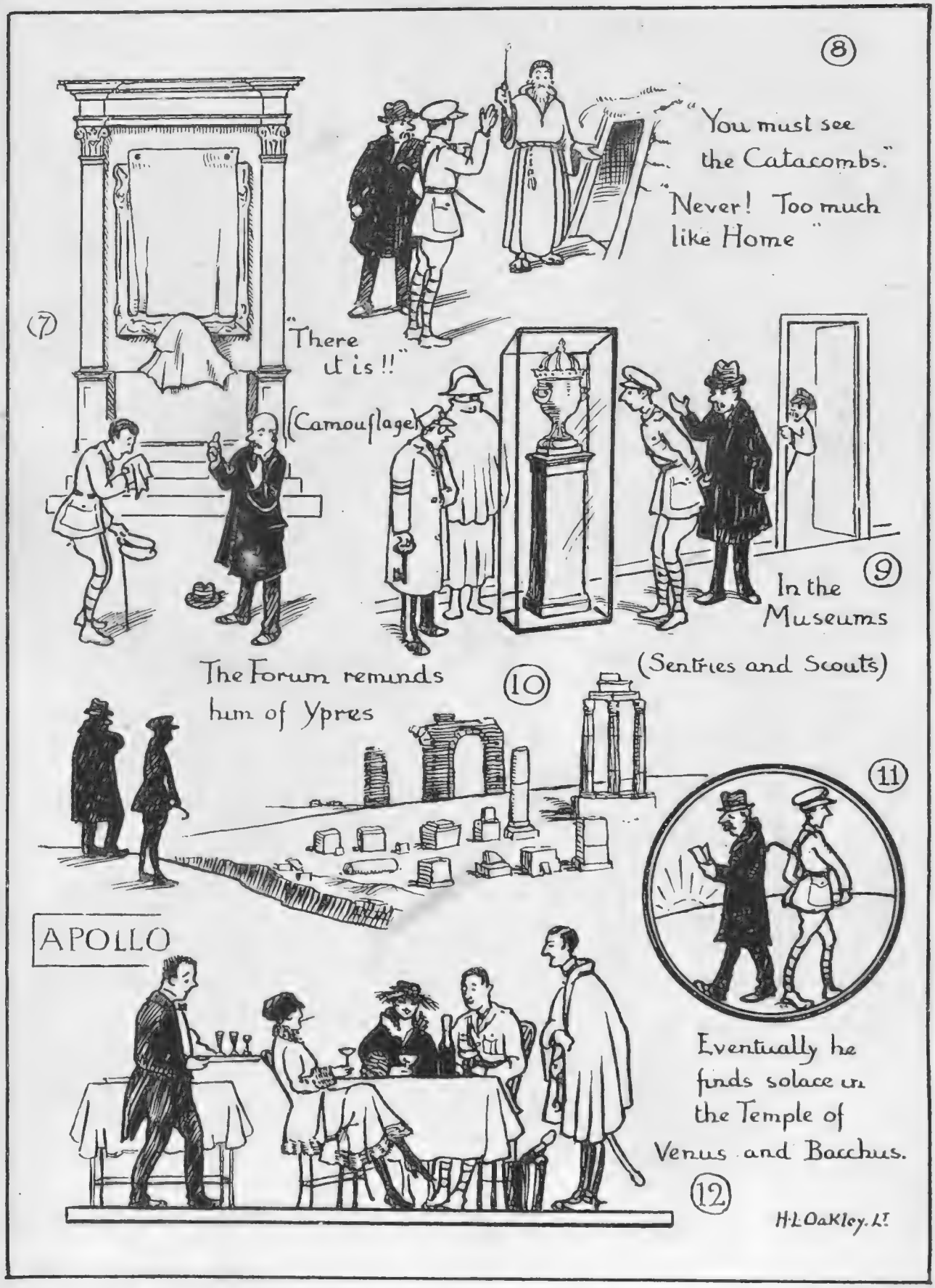
"The Grandeur



PASSED BY CENSOR

Lieut. Oakley has sketched for us the disillusion of a subaltern on a "short leave" visit to Rome, behind him in the trenches. The Romans clearly do not intend to allow their

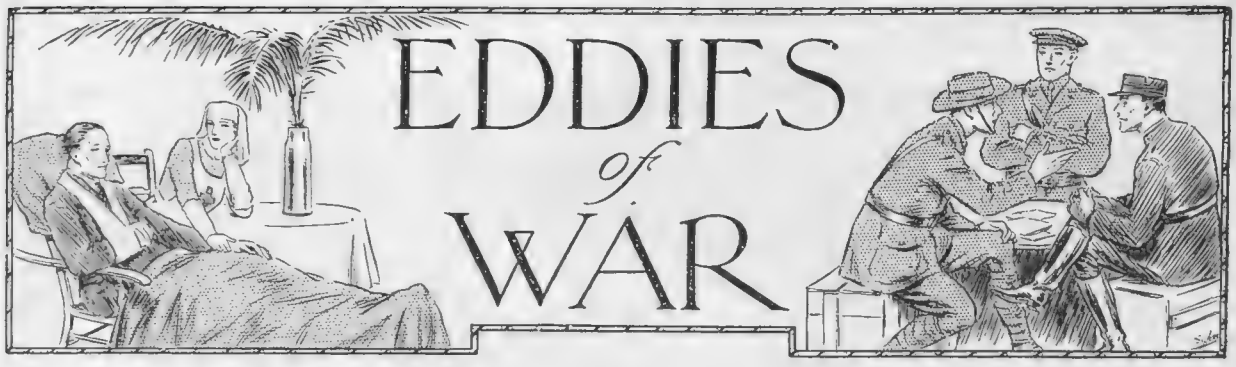
That Was Rome"



where many of the "sights" remind him all too strongly of the ruin he has temporarily left priceless possessions to suffer from the attentions of the Gothas if they can help it

THE FINAL

STAKE



ONE OF THE LIMITS. BY DELL LEIGH

When a German sniper pushed up slightly the backsight of his rifle and, by the aid of a convenient star shell, plugged Jimmie Slade, in charge of a working party of sappers, between the shoulder blades, he did good work for the Fatherland—and for Jimmie Slade. For Jim was at the end of his tether, having served, without wound or other hindrance, for twenty-eight months on end. They sent James Slade, Captain R.E., home, his papers showing "gun-shot wound and shell shock"; and with the period of convalescence came two months' leave. This was more than welcome to Jim, for he had lost touch with the world, and women—and he loved both, collectively and with the enthusiasm of a Celtic temperament. So, having wangled himself successfully beyond the limits of hospital restrictions, he took up once again his old pre-war quarters in the cosy rooms in Duke Street.

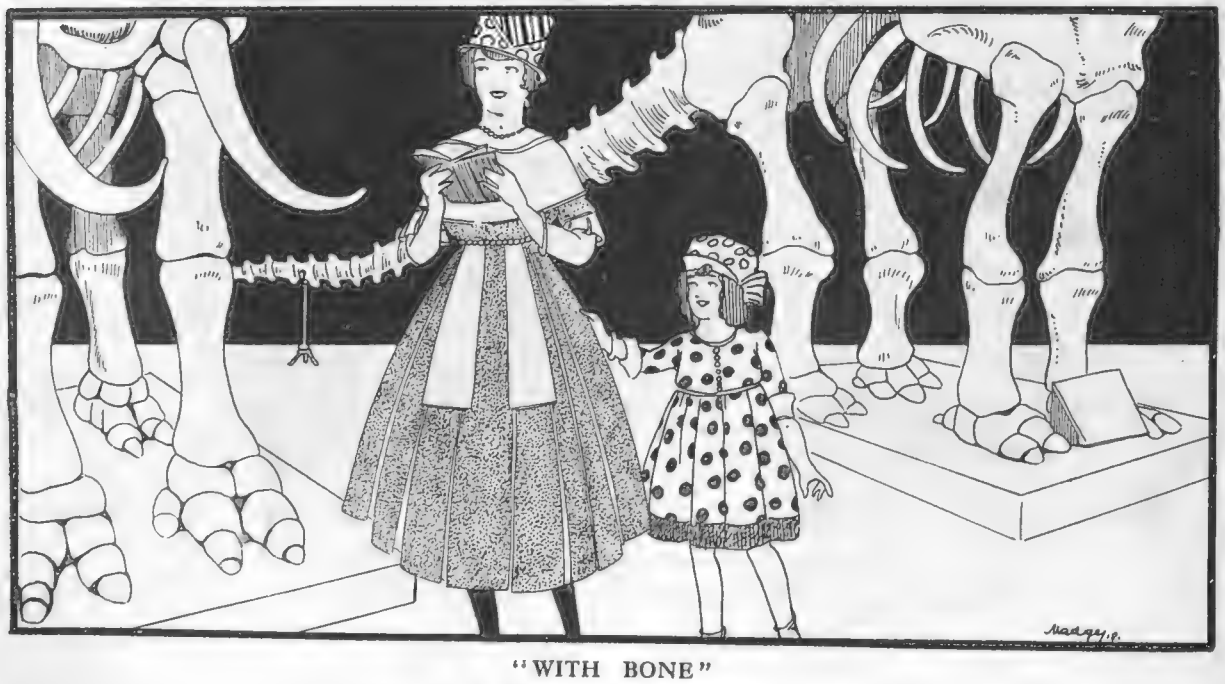
⁂ ⁂

At what particular point in his leave rovings Estelle Durland slid into the picture he had never been sure. But in sharp relief, amid a background of Murrays, Carltons, and Berkeleys, she most certainly did. Jim was a man of means and popular, so that a kaleidoscope of "evenings" followed swiftly on his return to idle bachelordom. He *thinks* he saw her first at a theatrical party, where she danced in an old gold dress, most alluringly, with the great comedian, Charles Kuste. Again at the Bresletts' enormous house in Park Lane she was the centre of things, this time in black, picked out with oyster-grey brocade, where she played Debussy on a most beautiful Steck. Once more at the Alhambra, when she beckoned him in the *entr'acte* from three stalls away, and said: "When are you coming to see me? Come and dine on Thursday—do!" This was a vague, impersonal invitation, and implied a party, and Jim, enormously attracted, accepted gladly.

⁂ ⁂

There was no party. Jim looked in vain for hats in the hall of the little house in Clarges Street. The immaculate butler received him with quiet decorum. He stood before the big fire in the drawing room admiring the cushions on the sofa; indeed, everything that surrounded Estelle was in good taste, but subdued, in deference to her wonderful hair and skin. He wondered how he should describe her hair, if asked—ripe corn? Possibly, but with a strong August sun on it. Jim had a keen sense of colour. And the predominating note in the room was a flat sage green, with Chinese red lacquer here and there standing out in blots. "Ah! there

(Continued on page 202)



"WITH BONE"

"Oh, mummy, I think we've come on their meatless day!"

Divided Against Itself

TWO PHASES OF THE IRELAND OF TO-DAY

"Our backs are to the wall," says Sir Douglas Haig. In the meantime the Irish clergy are leading the Sinn Feiners to take a solemn pledge against conscription and against the support of their own countrymen who have bled in the war. Here they are doing so—or can it be that they are merely practising "Kamerad!"?

Here, on the other hand, is the crowd, mostly of shipyard workers, that assembled in Belfast to break up an anti-conscription meeting—with complete success. But when one party wants "Home Rule and No Conscription" and the other wants "Conscription and No Home Rule" the prospects of a "settlement" seem still to be remote

"EDDIES OF WAR" (*concluded*)

you are"; and she came in, her hand to her hair, clad in a more vivid green, with a black and silver Port Said wrap about her shoulders.

"No party, so sorry—do you mind?" and she looked archly at him, while the butler gave him old brown sherry with the soup.

The dinner was perfectly served. Jim noticed little of it. The champagne was poured into deep Georgian glasses, and Estelle smoked Hashish cigarettes between the courses.

"Coffee upstairs, please, Parker."

❀ ❀

"How restful this is." It was Estelle who spoke, lying well back amidst a surf of jet black cushions on a huge sofa, and studying Jim thoughtfully. "You are an extremely interesting man. I am not paying you compliments—you know that."

Jim was standing before the fire, and he was certainly very good to look upon. He had been brilliant at dinner, *brilliant*. He knew it! She had let the eternal cigarette burn down to her beautifully manicured fingers, listening. Often she had laughed with the open mouth. There were not a dozen women in London who had teeth like Estelle Durland. Now it was *her* turn.

"*Must* we have all this blaze of electricity?" It was she who spoke carelessly after a long silence, following a repartee of Jim's.

He went obediently to the switch. As he crossed the room he saw Charlie Durland's photograph, in a heavy silver frame, tucked away unobtrusively behind a tall glass containing tulips on the piano.

Poor old Charles; a great soldier, now commanding the X Division, dull, unimaginative, a bore—but devoted.

She yawned openly when he spoke of Charlie Durland.

"Yes; an old dear, isn't he? Pass me the cigarette box. *Do* have some of that old brandy—I'm told it's rather good. Come and sit here (she thumped the cushion) and tell me about yourself—I've been *so* bored lately."

❀ ❀

All the old nets were forthwith spread upon the receptive waters. The glint of a silver shoe, stuck out invitingly before the blaze; the turn of the red-gold hair in the firelight; the momentary lingering of the hand as the match was passed; the leaning forward of the white shoulders; the "you *are* a dear!" to one of his remarks—and again, "so *few* men really *understand* me," followed by a wistful and rather sad look.

❀ ❀

But there was an element she had not reckoned with. An element that will defeat the oldest of games such as she played—given the tenth man. Jim looked at the fire; and in it he saw Charlie Durland, the last time he had seen him. In a dug-out, unshaven, tired, but alert; in a first trench, talking to a sergeant: "All right, sergeant; I'll come round presently—stand by."

❀ ❀

Very soon, much too soon, Jim left. And in her disappointment Estelle dropped a freshly-lit cigarette on to the Persian rug. Jim stood on the pavement in Clarges Street and looked up at the young moon.

"By Gad, no; there *are* limits!" he said to himself, "and this is one. But I'm sorry for poor old Charles—wonder if he's in this push? 'Spect so!"

Official Photograph

AN INCIDENT OF THE RETIREMENT

An officer watching the burning of an ammunition dump set on fire to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Huns

BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY

He Soon Found It

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Don't know the way? Wal, keep right on up this track till you come to a war. Then fight!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE NAUGHTY WIFE AT THE PLAYHOUSE

BY "JINGLE" *Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER*

I SUPPOSE it really is a sign of naughtiness in a wife when she proposes to run away with a handsomer man; and Mrs. Eloise Farrington (Miss Gladys Cooper) must, therefore, be judged very naughty accordingly. On the other hand, nobody takes the projected elopement too seriously, in spite of the fact that it actually takes place, and even gets as far as the danger zone in these little complications. The naughty wife, with her repeated assurances that she has at last found a soul in unison with her own, is allowed out only at the end of a long string, and is pulled back before she has had time to trip, although we must do the gentleman in the case the justice to admit that he does his best to do his worst.

⁂

THE handsomer man is Mr. Darrell McKnight (Mr. Stanley Logan). Having decided to elope with Eloise, he, like a prudent man, sets his affairs in order beforehand. The most important affair is Nora Gail, a young and charming widow (Miss Ellis Jeffreys), with whom Darrell is obligingly frank. He had, it seems, designed to marry her, but having found a more fascinating lady, he will be quite unable to carry out his original intention. Nora has, naturally, the pardonable curiosity of her sex in such a delicate matter, and she can't help wanting to know—oh, so badly!—the other lady's name. Darrell obliges her with pleasure. The lady is Eloise, the wife of their old friend, Hilary Farrington, and she is running away with him because she is not appreciated at home, and she desires more devotion than her husband seems inclined to give her. And that's that.

⁂

I HAVE heard that it is not always an easy matter to shake off an old love, even when that love is only a young and confiding girl; and when the discarded lady happens to be a particularly wary widow I can quite understand that the job of shifting her is a Herculean one. Indeed, I can but admire the fellow's pluck in trying it on. Mrs. Nora Gail's first step is to call on Mr. Farrington, and to inform him with the candour of an old friend that his wife has arranged to elope that evening with Darrell McKnight, and what is he going to do about it? She hopes he will act promptly, because she is not disposed to let Darrell slip away like this, having arranged an entirely different destiny for him. To her surprise, instead of breaking the furniture and saying things, Mr. Farrington calmly observes that he does not think it is a matter in which he can properly interfere. After all, he is only the lady's husband, while the other man is her affinity. Indeed, it seems to him that it would be scarcely delicate on his part even to be found on

the premises while the elopement is taking place.

❀

BEFORE he can get away, however, Mr. Darrell drives up to the house in a taxi and gives a few toots as a signal to the blushing bride—or whatever you call the lady in cases of this kind—that he is on the spot. Farrington therefore sends out to ask Darrell to step inside, and when he comes and sees Eloise and her husband together, the young man realises that the gaff is blown as it were. Still, Eloise is quite firm about it. Nothing shall stop her carrying out her project of going off with Darrell; and as that appears to be her ultimatum, Farrington accepts it blandly. He even protests that she is going away with too little luggage, and with his own hands he packs for her a travelling trunk containing the frocks which, in his opinion, will be quite indispensable to her on her—er—honeymoon. Also, he insists on placing his bungalow in the country at the disposal of the happy couple, and sends them there in his own car with the best kind of blessing a husband can reasonably be expected to bestow in the circumstances.

❀

AS soon as the coast is clear, Farrington arranges that Mrs. Gail shall proceed to the bungalow at a leisurely pace, while he himself in another car dashes thither at record speed. Thus he is able to be at the bungalow before the runaways; and he finds time to decorate the dining room with flowers for them in honour of the occasion, and to cook a little supper for them as they are sure to arrive cold and hungry and perhaps a little cross. Thus it happens that when Darrell and Eloise finally land at the bungalow, satisfied that they are at last alone together in Paradise, so to speak, the kitchen door opens and in comes the thoughtful Farrington with some soup and an omelette or so that he has been able to prepare in a hurry. He protests that he is not, of course, going to stay—just looked in to see that they are all right, and that sort of thing, and then he will get back to town. Unfortunately, it next transpires that his car has run out of petrol, so that he is afraid that, after all, he will have to ask the young people to let him stay, and he will be off the first thing in the morning. About this time Mrs. Nora Gail knocks at the bungalow door to say that she has run out of petrol and will

(*Continued on page 206*)

somebody kindly oblige her with a drop or two, so that she can reach the next village. No petrol being available, she, too, is obliged to stay, and it is then clear to the lovers that their Paradise is becoming, as you might say, a trifle over-populated.

❀

And so the agreeably ridiculous story runs on. The complicated problem of sleeping accommodation is happily solved by the fact that there are four bedrooms. Eloise retires early to one of the rooms upstairs, but presently changes her mind, and finally occupies the room on the ground floor, leaving the other room to her husband. Darrell, who had bidden Eloise a cheery "good-night," in the first instance, and retired to his own room, was naturally not aware of the transfer that had been effected. Consequently when he steals out of his own room in the darkness and taps lightly on what he fondly imagines is the door of his lady's chamber, he is shocked and pained when Farrington appears suddenly in the doorway to ask him impatiently what he wants. This rather daring piece of nonsense, coupled with what I think must be the mightiest roar of laughter I ever heard, brings down the curtain on the second act.

❀

In the third act the party are at breakfast. By this time it is becoming clear to Darrell that he has been merely the victim of a childlike game of spoof. Besides, Eloise's temper is not what it was. For instance, evidently favouring a light breakfast diet, he calls for a second whisky-and-soda, and she reminds him admonishingly, in the supremely irritating way that our ladies sometimes have, that he has already had one. This brings Nora Gail forward sympathetically. She thinks if Darrell wants a second drink he ought to have it. Her husband, it seems, died of dipsomania, so she is in a position to know what she is talking about. Mr. Hawtrey has rarely been seen to better advantage than as Farrington. His quiet humour suits the part admirably; while Miss Gladys Cooper, as the disillusioned wife, is as charming as ever. There can be no doubt of the success of the play. JINGLE.

"THE BETTER 'OLE" ON THE FILM

That Captain Bairnsfather's play offered really magnificent opportunities to the film producer has long been obvious to everyone who has seen *The Better 'Ole* at the Oxford—and who has not?—for there are many incidents which, though they cannot appear upon the stage, yet come within the scope of the film, and fill up the interstices of the story to the greater satisfaction of the onlooker. This was well shown at the Alhambra where a private view of the new film of *The Better 'Ole* was presented last week. From the very start, when a picture of The Three Musketeers of olden time, in the picturesque panoply of their period, dissolved into the Soldiers Three of to-day—"Old Bill," "Bert," and "Alf" in the trenches—the missing details of the play were filled in with a constructive skill which added enormously to the true understanding of the story. The introduction of the "Poet Soldier," as a sort of explanatory "Chorus," was one of the happiest touches; and few could not but feel their heart-strings drawn tighter at the sections of the film which showed how the "Whisper of War" descended upon all British homes, from the lowliest to the highest in the land. The familiar incidents of the play all appear, amplified and emphasised; and that the film should have as great a success as the play from which it takes its name is as much a certainty as anything can be in these days of uncertainty.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG COUPLE ABOUT TO ELOPE

"The Better 'Ole" as a Film Play

A Scene from the Prologue, featuring the prototypes of the fighting man of to-day

The Estaminet Scene in which "Old Bill" sings a song of triumph over his adventure with the spy and its tangible results

The three heroes on board a transport, all of them wishing that "they'd 'old this war in England?"

Winterton's Gun

By WILSON MACNAIR

In what manner Winterton and Lady Letty quarrelled I do not know. The Duchess did know, clearly, but the Duchess can keep a secret. She told me simply that Lady Letty resented Winterton's having volunteered for work on the armoured train. Lady Letty, it seems, considered this too safe a form of occupation for the man she had agreed to marry.

Lady Letty cared for Winterton. She cared for him enough to be rude to him after they quarrelled, which was awkward, because the Duchess was chaperoning Lady Letty, so that she and Winterton might see something of one another when the armoured train was not killing Germans. This was in the early days of the war, before it became necessary to pretend in French towns that one's wife was somebody else's wife. . . . .

The Duchess took a philosophical view of the trouble, and encouraged Lady Letty in her flirtation with Captain Graeme, of the R.A.M.C., who was attached to one of the hospitals in the town, and lived in the Hotel. Captain Graeme was a good fellow, with a Scottish accent in process of being lost. His accent had quite a wistful quality; and when this was added to the fact that he had been wounded in the neck by a piece of shrapnel at Ypres, and had had his horse killed under him, Lady Letty was prepared to be sisterly. They discovered all sorts of things in common when the armoured train was busy with the Germans and the eye of the Duchess was clement. The only subject on which they really disagreed was the question of the glory attaching to the work of the train. Captain Graeme said that it was dangerous work, very dangerous work; he repudiated the idea that it could be regarded as a "sheltered occupation." But Lady Letty declared obstinately that her idea of a soldier was a man who came out into the open and took risks.

She was confirmed in this view of the matter by the fact that the Press Photographer had made a voyage in the armoured train. Lady Letty despised the Press Photographer very much. The Press Photographer, on the contrary, admired Lady Letty, and presented her with one of the pictures taken by him during his voyage. It showed Winterton smoking a cigarette at the door of a truck which rather closely resembled a safe. Lady Letty hid the picture at the very bottom of one of her boxes. Winterton came and went. He looked fresh and fit. Not a rag of glory ever seemed to stick to him. The Commander of the Armoured Train, Captain Jeffrey, spoke of him as a "sound fellow"; but that description brought no cheer. "You mean safe and sound," said Lady Letty to him one evening, and added rather piteously:

"I suppose there is a great deal of risk connected with the work."

"Not a shadow of risk, my dear, I can assure you," said the Commander, who had been told that Lady Letty was engaged to Winterton.

Lady Letty's youthfulness was delicious. She radiated nursery. There always seemed to be the possibility that she would be led away to bed immediately after tea. And she was as stubborn as a child. Winterton had to give up trying to be engaged to her. He told the Duchess he was at the end of his resources; he looked cheerful on the whole. The Duchess advised him to go away and kill some more Germans and leave Lady Letty to her. That, as Winterton pointed out, meant leaving Lady Letty to Captain Graeme.

"And if it does?" asked the Duchess.

All the same the thing worried Winterton and fretted him. He was one of those "jolly old fools" who go into love with a jump. He grew moody, and often sat in his room alone after dinner. Sometimes as much as a week elapsed between the coming and going of the train. When the train went up country again Winterton revived. So much so that the Commander expressed the view that he preferred his gun to his girl. That occurred on the trip following Winterton's confession to the Duchess that he was at the end of his resources.

The armoured train went up to the place where it did most of its fighting. It manœuvred about for a while, and then opened fire on a German Battery. The Germans returned the fire with interest; things got lively. The Commander was in his truck in the middle of the train; he told himself that he didn't altogether like the look of things. Then he was

(Continued on page 212)

"I SHOULD SMILE!"

General Pershing, commanding the U.S.A. forces in France. He is wearing an expression which suggests plenty of confidence both for the present and the future

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Gilbert and Sullivan

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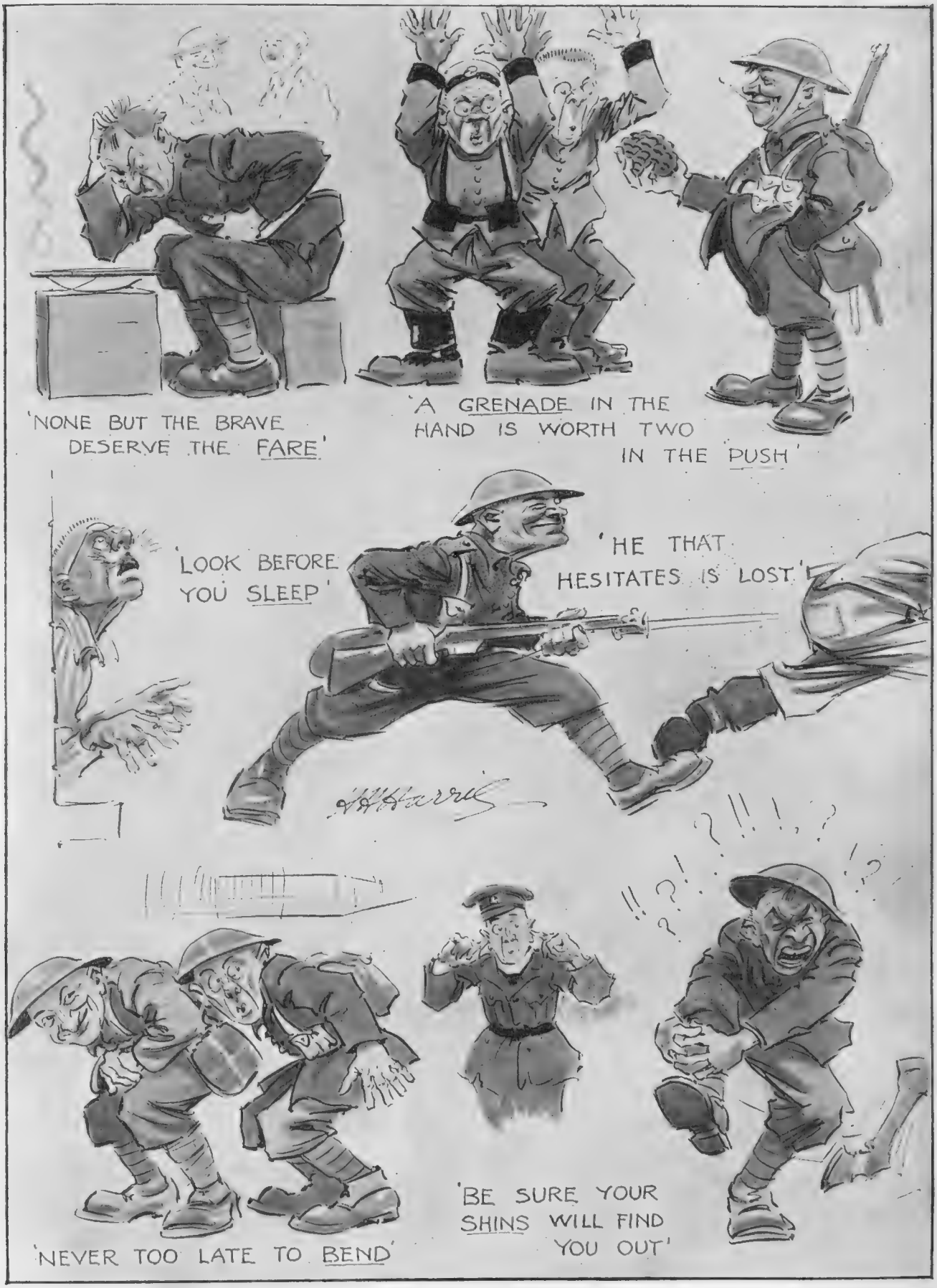
Proverbial Philosophy



As Twisted by War-Time's Wit and Wisdom

"WINTERTON'S GUN" (*concluded*)

informed that the enemy were on the line behind him. He ordered the train to retire. And just at that moment there was a big smash.

The Commander inquired what had happened, and was told that the last truck of the train had been hit and knocked off the rails. That was Winterton's truck. He ordered the truck to be uncoupled. A minute later Winterton stepped along the gangway and saluted.

"May I stand by my gun, sir?" he asked.

"You may do what I tell you," said the Commander.

Winterton went away. The truck was signalled clear, and the train started. The train made a squeak of it down the line, which was strongly held by the enemy. Then the Commander sent for Winterton. Winterton was not upon the train. . . .

After nightfall the Commander ordered the train to creep back slowly along the line. This was easy in the darkness because armoured trains emit no smoke or flames. There was a feeble moon hurrying under broken clouds. The moon showed a clear line. After a time the derailed truck came in sight, leaning giddily over the permanent way. The Commander got down out of his truck and went alone to reconnoitre. He found Winterton in the derailed truck beside his gun. The truck had one side smashed to little bits, and another side torn clean away. But the gun was all right. The Commander said:—

"I shall report you for disobeying my orders."

But Winterton did not hear what the Commander said. He was stone deaf. He remarked that he was stone deaf, and then he laughed noisily in the Commander's face.

Three days later the armoured train returned to the base with all its guns. Winterton found Lady Letty in the lounge of the Hotel, talking to Captain Graeme. The Duchess was quite near. Lady Letty nodded casually when she saw Winterton; her nod said "another happy return." Captain Graeme was still wearing a muffler round his neck. The Duchess made a place for Winterton, and asked him to tell her all his news. But Winterton, who was still rather deaf, had no news.

When the Commander appeared the Duchess took charge of him and explained matters. She said:

"Do please tell her she's a little fool. She will believe you."

The Commander's eyes twinkled. Afterwards he ran alongside of Lady Letty and Captain Graeme and cast his anchor. Captain Graeme was a little cool in his welcome of the Commander. But that made no difference. Winterton was sitting on the other side of the lounge with the Duchess, and so missed the Commander's thrifty English. But it is doubtful if he would have appreciated it at its value had he heard it. The Commander had rather a husky voice which detracted from his eloquence; also he indulged in pauses. Nevertheless, he convinced Lady Letty. He called Winterton a "reckless young ass," and his story ended something after this fashion:—

"There he was on top of a heap of empty shell cases . . . truck all bashed to smithereens; . . . must have been hottish while it lasted; . . . worked his confounded gun single-handed till the Huns stopped shooting; . . . single-handed, I said."

Lady Letty said: "What does the gun matter?"

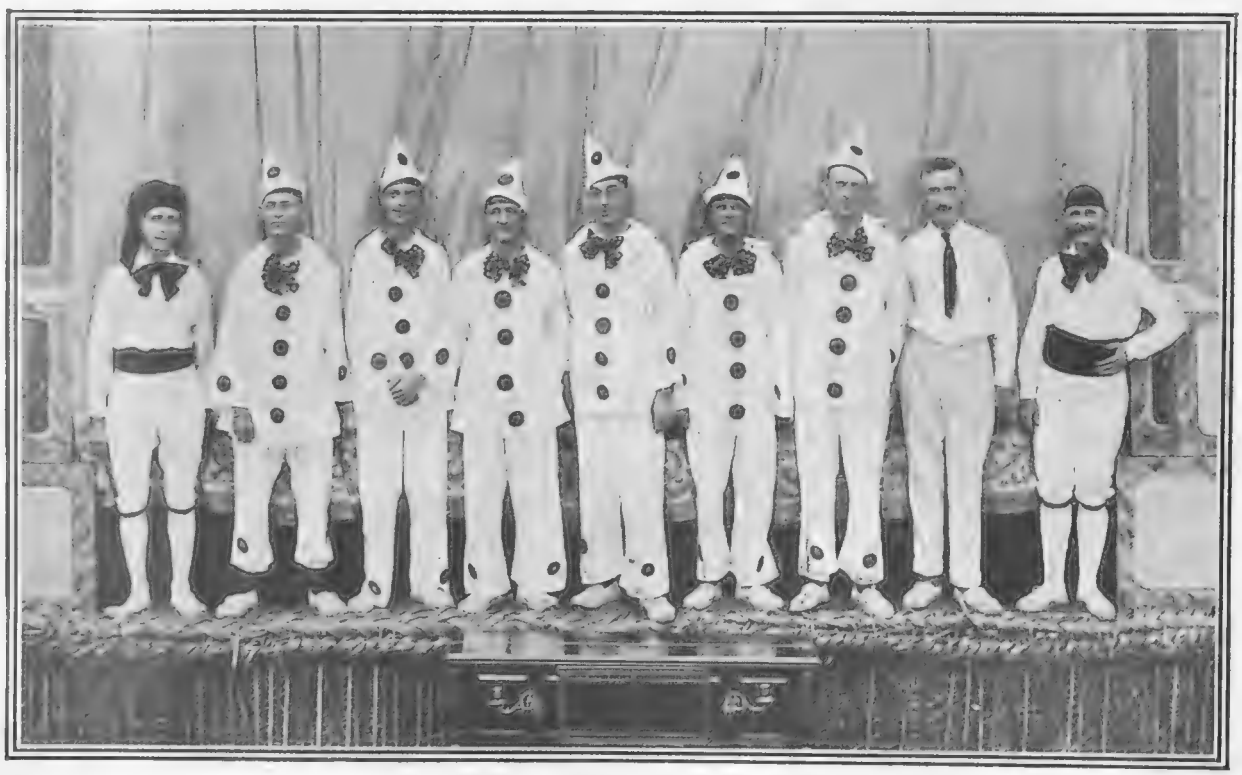
Lady Letty was crying like the small child she was. The Commander stared rudely at Captain Graeme, who got up and went away out of the Hotel. Then he said with some gruffness:—

"Winterton's a good fellow. . . . You're lucky."

And went away also.

Lady Letty sat quite still till she had blinked all the tears out of her eyes. Then she came to the Duchess and Winterton.

WILSON MACNAIR.



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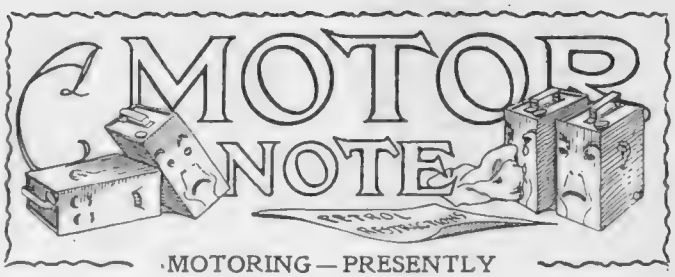

MOTORING—PRESENTLY

"THE principal reason" (I quote from a very authoritative writer on motoring topics) "why the British Motoring Industry could not compete in price with the American was that its capitalisation was inadequate to enable production on such a scale as would permit it to adopt similar methods of production." But that was not the immediately operative factor. It was only in a minor degree an ultimately moderating factor. Doubtless the capital was available had the courage and the scheme and the goods been there.

***

CAPITAL will always flow in the direction of the profit-producing proposition. The biggest thing of its kind in the motor industry of this country doubtless had the smallest capital of anything in its own category, but it had the goods. It had the sort of goods which generally we denied could be marketed in remunerative quantities by any British manufacturer in competition. I do not think that ever was true.

***

I THINK it is still not true; but the proposition is more difficult, perhaps, to handle to-day than it was when we certainly could have handled it. For the purposes of presently we are faced not by any lack of facilities (which have been multiplied enormously), not by any serious prospect of lack of capital, but by the necessity for the formulation of the scheme and for the specification of the goods. The scheme, as I have so many times submitted, involves, I think, co-ordination of facilities and co-operation in production.

***

THAT, of course, is, more particularly, so far as the cheap vehicle, in competition with the American product, is concerned. It applies, in its measure, to the production of other types of vehicle also. I believe that the market and the capital are both assured for the goods that will satisfy and develop the first and justify the utilisation of the second.

***

AS to the future of aeroplanes, that is still so largely on the knees of the gods that prophecy is as easy as it is useless. The rapidity of the aeroplane's evolution, under the spur of war, leaves even the muddiest mind with a sense of expectation that something will come of it; for all that its adaptation has been wholly to the purposes of belligerency; and for all that war never yet bred a process of high civilian utility. Wilbur Wright saw in the dynamic flight nothing except a fighting agency; and he, in his dour way, had a vision equal to most.

***

SO, personally, I leave the future of the aeroplane where it belongs, and allow others to do the guessing. Meanwhile, to all interested in the aeroplane of to-day there is a little wallet of illustrations of the various types in service with the British forces, very clearly and attractively drawn and printed on plate sunk art paper, each machine separately. It is issued by Brown Brothers, of Great Eastern Street, London, from whom, I remember, I received my first air-postcard on the occasion when an intrepid fellow made history by flying with a mail from London to Windsor. This little collection of prints is rather specially worth while getting by anyone interested.

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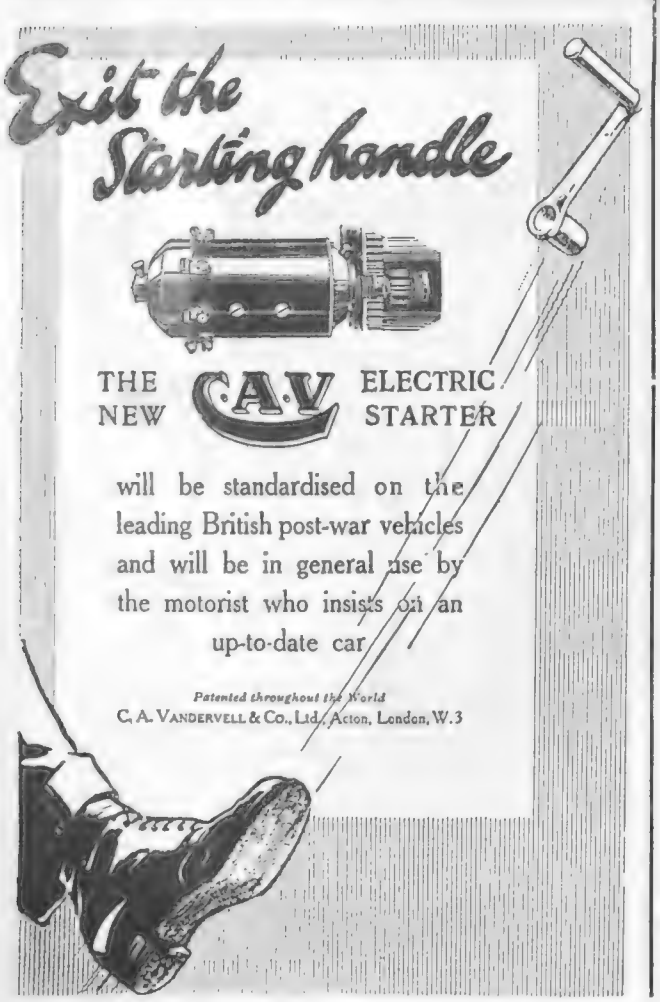

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Daylight Dining

WHILE the young and fair among the feminine community can face daylight dining with impunity, clad in more or less airy fashion, women of more advanced years are being rather put about to find becoming apparel that, while sufficiently cool to meet the heated atmosphere of a restaurant, shall yet at the same time gracefully veil defects hitherto concealed by becomingly shaded lights. Full evening dress at restaurants has been taboo for some while, so the step is not a very big one from the demi-toilette of yesterday to that of to-day. The mixed material idea is being worked hard on this score, diaphanous, frail little bodices of georgette, ninon and net being artfully commingled with soft satin, taffeta and *crêpe de Chine* skirts, or portions of skirts, the transparency frequently playing the leading part.

As the summer comes along there is every good reason to welcome simple frocks of cotton voile for daylight evening wear. There are several supremely dainty models in both plain and patterned qualities, the latter expressions frequently tending towards the picturesque, in which *galère* there is a hint of a pannier revival—a regular *Petit Trianon* pannier, with *bouffant* sides and back worn over a contrasting skirt, a fichu type of corsage completing the story.

Rather less of a pannier and more of a tunic was a model carried out in a lovely old rose patterned voile, one side of the drapery caught up high at the left side, and a big scoop out at the right allowing for a liberal display of an old blue voile skirt. The bodice, one of those quaint little flat affairs with three-quarter length rather bell sleeves, was deftly finished at the waist by a folded sash and small turnover collar, under-sleeves of fine muslin being the only touch of white to break up the somewhat *voyant* tones of the pink and blue voiles.

Blouse makers are very busy designing fresh fantasies to meet daylight dining exigencies. These useful little garments fall so happily into line with economy, since, when well and thoughtfully chosen, endless changes can be rung with one or at most two foundations. For example, a plain skirt and camisole corsage of black, nigger brown, or grey satin can be made the basis of numerous schemes, such as a blouse of ivory *mousseline de soie*, arranged with fichu fronts and shapely little basque, the edges everywhere outlined by a self *plissé* frill, the fullness at the waist shirred up on an emerald green ribbon, embroidered in dull gold, that is half revealed and half concealed by the *mousseline* draperies. A black ninon coatee blouse is a useful possession, either left severely plain or else embroidered with jet and coloured beads, and it is quite impossible to go wrong with a white georgette or ninon blouse embroidered in jet, or some such dainty affair as that shown in the sketch on this page.

A SMART SUGGESTION
For daylight-dinner wear at a restaurant

The graceful, cape-like sleeve accounts for the prettiest draped effect, and is furthermore responsible for partially veiling a Nattier blue ribbon sash, that at centre front emerges in the guise of a simply tied bow. The whole thing is delightfully simple and negligée in appearance, while the perfectly plain black satin skirt and camisole corsage represent the useful stand-by foundation for any number of individual blouse schemes.

A Touch of Japan

THE always popular Japanese touch is evidenced in the pretty crossover blouse that forms the subject of our second

(Continued on page 218)

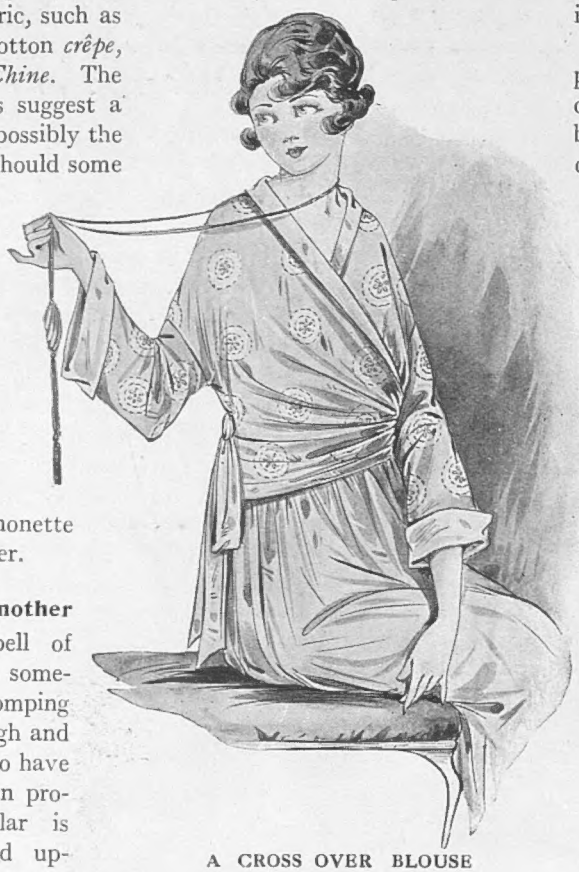
FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

sketch, a quite original suggestion that would carry out equally well in any soft summer fabric, such as very fine cotton voile, cotton *crêpe*, georgette, or *crêpe de Chine*. The roll-over collar and cuffs suggest a double effect, and very possibly the effect would be realised should some semi-transparent figure material be requisitioned as fabricating medium, when a lining throughout in some contrasting colour would be charming. Very pale blue *crêpe* georgette, lined with pastel pink would be sweet, another effective combination comprising a *doublure* of mignonette green veiled with lavender.

❀

From One Extreme to Another

AFTER so long a spell of bared throats, it is something of a shock to find romping to the fore a collar so high and aggressive in outline as to have gained the title of "chin protector." How this collar is maintained in its decreed upright position is one of the sartorial wonders of the age, but that the feat is possible and amazingly becoming when achieved is evidenced by Miss Lillah McCarthy in *Too Much Money*.



A CROSS OVER BLOUSE
On Japanese lines

Although not actually a "chin protector," because that portion of the face rises serenely above the barrier, it is a high swathed collar of net modelled in one with the minutest of round yokes. This was most effectively introduced into a frock composed of beige satin and gabardine, the net maintaining the sombre harmony, the only break being a line of tiny gold buttons running up the centre front of the high collar band.

Black satin stocks supplemented by little falling collars of white organdi, or small detached triangles either side, are notably in evidence, and several bodices, blouses, and shirts of high repute have high collars cut in one with the upper part, even when the latter chances to be some quite heavy weight material, such as serge or jersey; another and somewhat trying example of the capriciousness of *La Mode* in insisting upon a return to the

(Continued on page 220)

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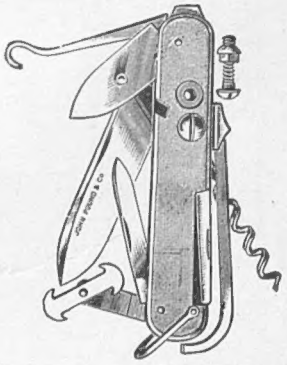

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FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

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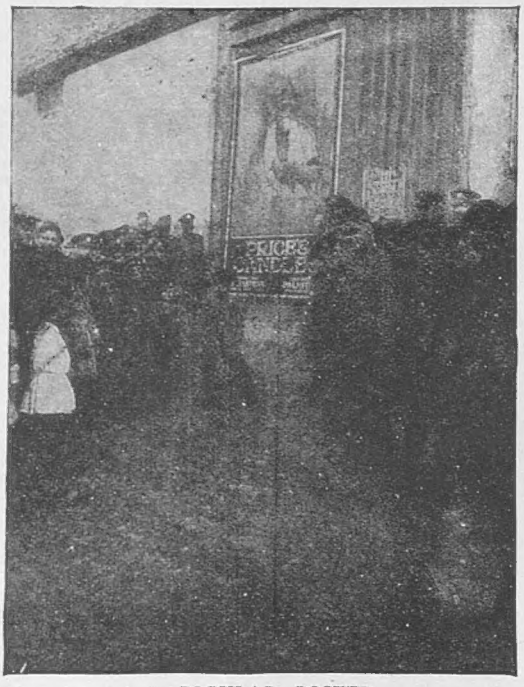

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